



# the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney

## Way DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH



1. Out of a humble cabin, out of the heart of a kindly old man, come the tales of Brer Rabbit and all the other animal folk who live way down yonder in Briar Patch. Every week old Uncle Remus tells a little boy a new tale about that frisky little fellow Brer Rabbit and how he was forever outwitting crafty Brer Fox and stupid Brer Bear. This week's story starts with Brer Fox selling apples. But we'll let old Uncle Remus tell the story in his own way.



2. Well, began Uncle Remus, autumn leaves wuz a-fallin' and dear old Briar Patch wuz a-turnin' red, brown an' gold. It wuz apple-time, so it wuz, an' slinky Brer Fox, who owned one of them red-apple trees, wuz a-sellin' his apples from a barrow. Now it so happened that li'l old Brer Rabbit had had his sharp eyes on those red apples for several weeks so you can imagine how mad he wuz when he saw that Brer Fox had picked all his apples off the tree. He set out after Brer Fox, he did, and soon caught up with him.

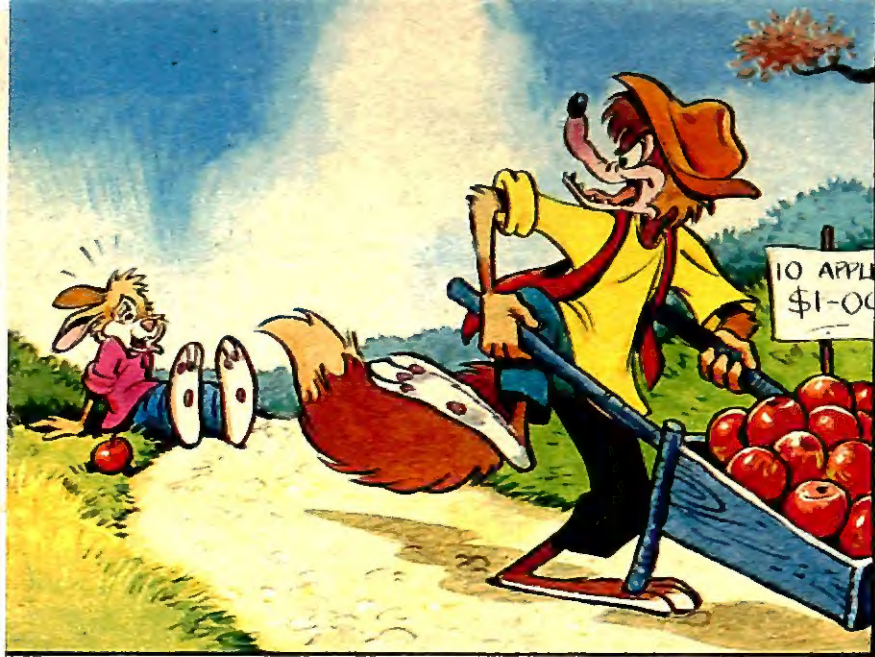


3. "Good-day, Brer Fox," grinned Brer Rabbit, "and how you comin' along today? Likewise how's Miz Fox?" Brer Fox scowled when he heard the hated voice of Brer Rabbit, and he showed his big white teeth, he did. "Brer Rabbit," said he, "beat it—go on, beat it, you pesky li'l rascal, afore I bite your head off." Brer Rabbit wagged his finger at Brer Fox. "Tut, tut, temper, temper, Brer Fox!" says he. "Whut's got into you today, old pal? It ain't like you to be so bad-tempered."



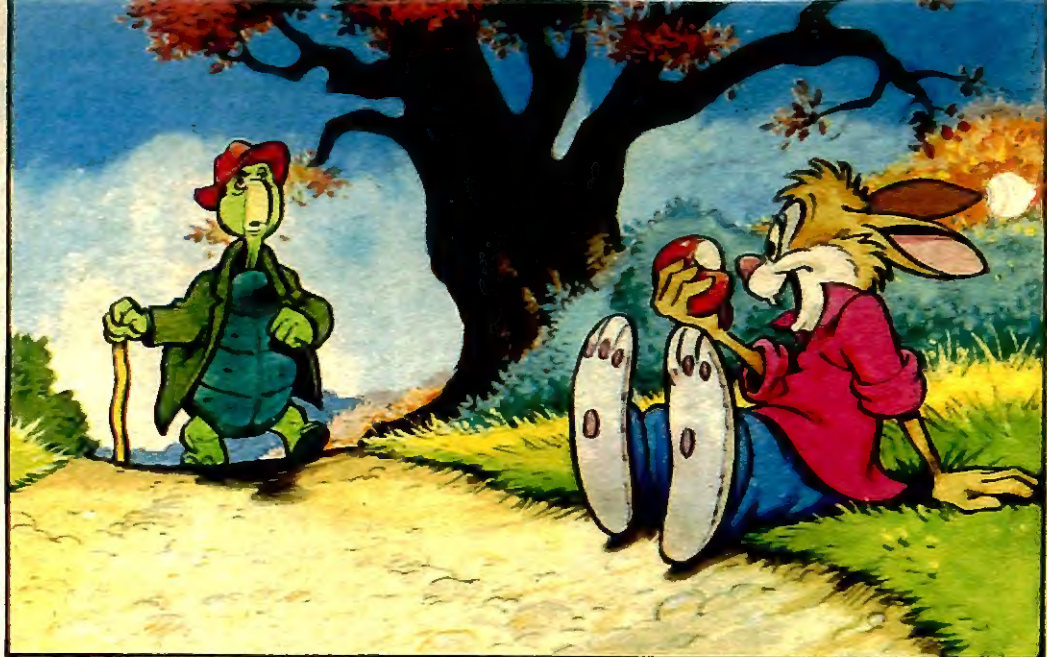
4. Brer Fox ups and shows some more of his big white teeth. Then he starts gnashing 'em an' there wuz a real dirty look in his eye, there wuz. "Brer Rabbit," he says, says he, "please accept my compulliments an' permit me to inform you that sure as eggs is eggs I ain't your old pal. Fact is, Brer Rabbit, I'm your wussett enemy an' if you don't take yourself off right smart, you're sure goin' to be in the greatest trouble of your trouble-makin' life. NOW BEAT IT!" Well, Brer Rabbit could take a hint same as the next feller so he just started walking off. That wuz when Brer Fox threw an apple at him. "An' don't come back!" Brer Fox yelled.





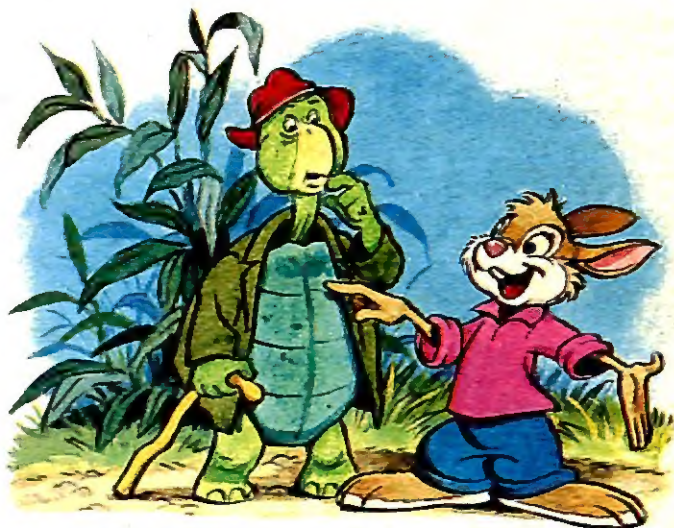
5. Brer Rabbit, he sure liked apples, he did, but he didn't like getting one right in the back of his neck.

He picked himself up, he did, and he watched Brer Fox pushing his load of apples up the road. Then he said to himself, said he: "Brer Fox, if I don't get even with you fer that, I'm Puss-in-Boots, which I ain't!"

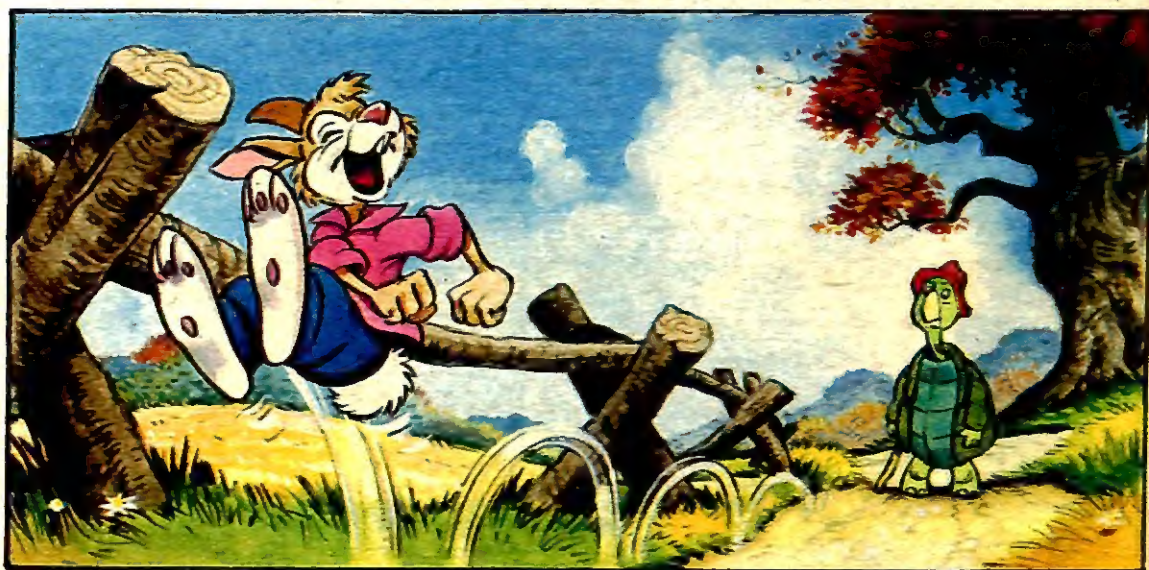


6. Then he picked up the apple, polished it and sitting down at the side of the road set his thinkery to work while he nibbled that there apple.

He'd been a-sitting there for several minutes, he had, when along came Brer Terrapin. Then it wuz that Brer Rabbit started grinnin' and his grinnin' reached from ear to ear because seein' Brer Terrapin had given him a crafty idea.



7. "Howdy-doo, Brer Rabbit, howdy-doo?" says Brer Terrapin. Brer Rabbit threw the apple-core over his shoulder, he did. Then he ups and says: "Middlin' to fair, Brer Terrapin. Leastways, I could be doin' better." "How come?" asks Brer Terrapin. "Well," says Brer Rabbit, "I bin sittin' here a-thinkin' about that old Brer Fox an' how he's allus playin' dirty tricks on me." Brer Terrapin nodded. "That surely sounds like Brer Fox," says he. "So I'm gonna get my own back on Brer Fox today," says Brer Rabbit.



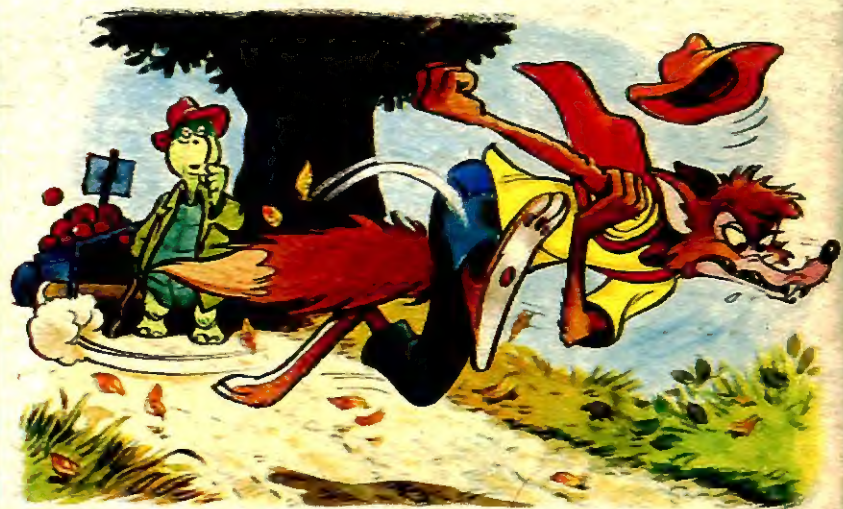
8. "Whut you gonna do, Brer Rabbit? Whut you gonna do?" asks Brer Terrapin and Brer Rabbit says: "Brer Fox has just gone down the road sellin' apples, and while he's away from home I'm gonna eat up every lettuce in his lettuce patch. That's whut I'm gonna do, Brer Terrapin! That's whut I'm gonna do!"

And so saying, off he went down the road lickety-split. "And don't you say a word to Brer Fox," he called back over his shoulder, "'cos if you do, Brer Terrapin, I reckon old Brer Fox would be so pleased with you he'd give you a big sackful of apples."

Brer Terrapin nodded. "You can trust me not to say anything to Brer Fox," he called out.

9. Brer Terrapin got to thinkin' then, he did, 'cos Brer Terrapin liked apples an' the more he thought about them red apples of Brer Fox's the more he thought that it might not be a bad idea at all if he wuz to tell Brer Fox that Brer Rabbit wuz gonna eat all his lettuces.

So two shakes later, there wuz Brer Terrapin hurryin' off down the road as fast as he could go, though being a terrapin that sure wuzn't very fast. Howsomever, he didn't need no haste 'cos Brer Fox wuz takin' a rest a little farther 'long the road.



10. "Brer Fox! Brer Fox!" gasped Brer Terrapin. "You sure better hurry off home 'cos that pesky little Brer Rabbit is eating all the lettuces in your lettuce patch. Yes, sir, that's whut he's done doin' an' you sure better start diggin' dust mighty fast."

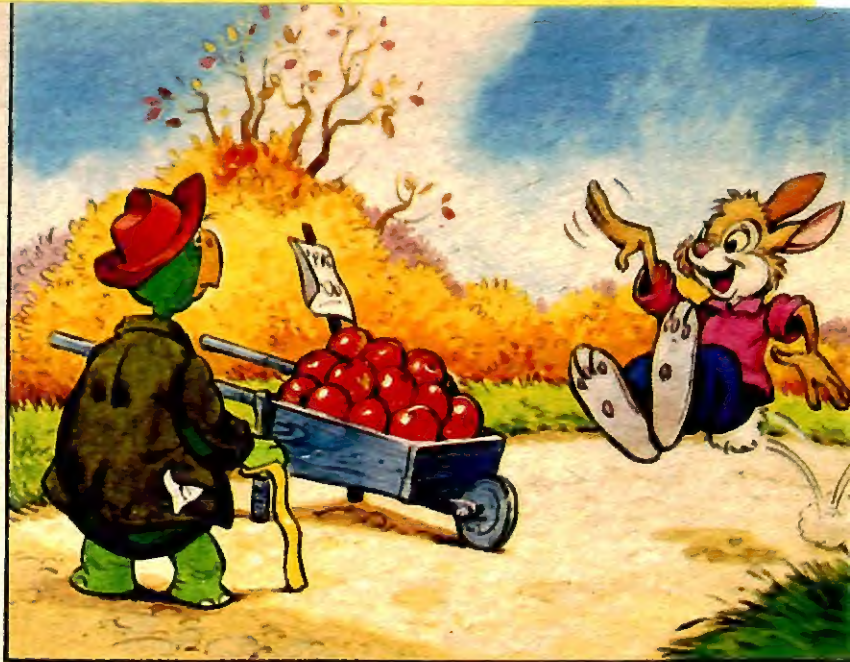
Brer Fox got awful mad, he did, soon as he heard the name "Brer Rabbit". Without stopping to think, he bolted off shouting, "You look after my apples till I get back, Brer Terrapin, an' I'll surely give you a great big sackful."

Shucks, now it sure wuz a pity Brer Fox didn't stop fer to think as you'll hear presently.





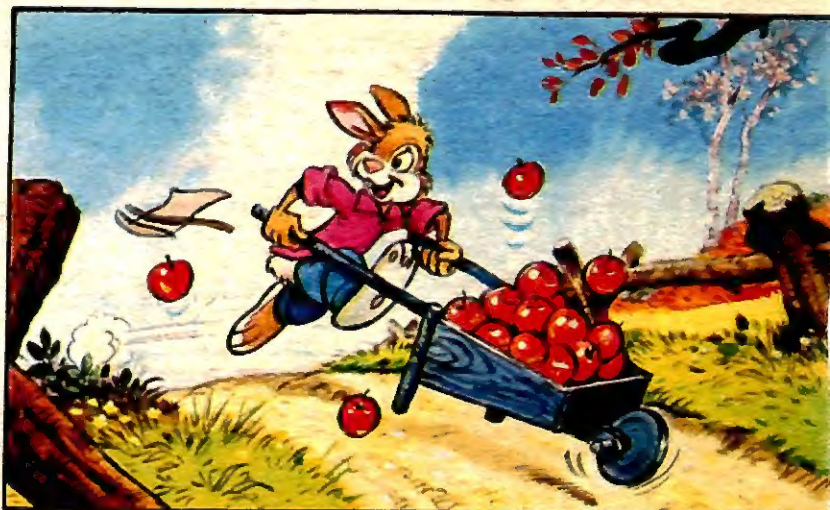
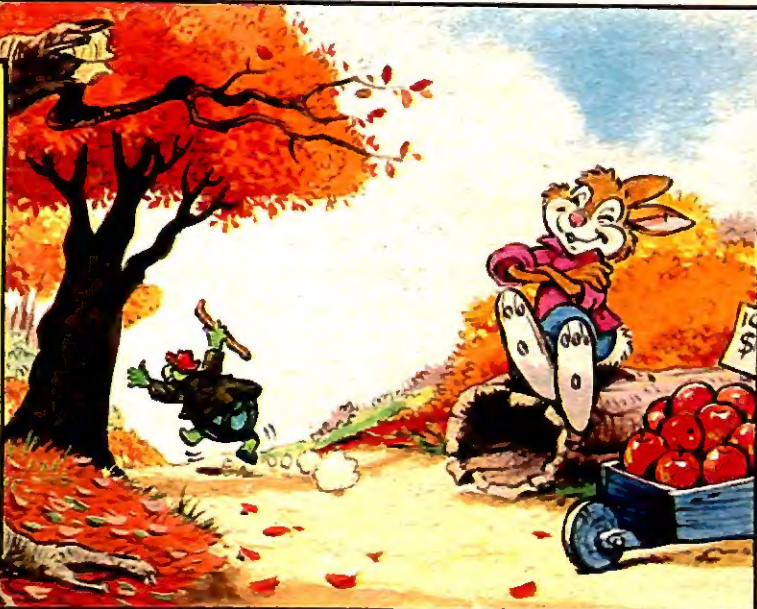
11. Brer Fox sure was in a hurryin' haste to get back to his home so he took a short cut, he did, an' that meant he'd gotta jump a wide stream. Well, he went at that stream like he was barefoot and th' ground wuz red hot. He sure ran speedy an' he took off speedy but he didn't jump fur enough and SPLOSH! he landed in that there stream right up to his furry neck. And who do you think wuz watchin' from behind a tree? That's right! Brer Rabbit!



12. Brer Rabbit didn't help Brer Fox out of that stream, did he? No, he surely didn't! He set off back to all those rosy red apples that Brer Terrapin was lookin' after fer Brer Fox. You can imagine Brer Terrapin's surprise when a little later he saw Brer Rabbit a-comin' along with his hands in his pockets and whistling real cheery. "Well, howdy-doo, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Terrapin an' he smiled a little sick-like, he did. "Howdy-doo! And how come you ain't eating Brer Fox's lettuces?" Brer Rabbit smiled. "Seems like I made a mistake, Brer Terrapin," he says, says he, "'cos Brer Fox ain't got no lettuces." Brer Terrapin scratched his head, he did. "G-got no lettuces!" says Brer Terrapin. "But I told him you wuz a-eatin' his lettues an' he rushed off home to catch you."

13. "Brer Terrapin, you ain't no friend of mine," says Brer Rabbit, very solemn and serious. "I done tol' you not to tell Brer Fox an' he's fallen in the stream an' he's all wet an' when he remembers that he's got no lettuces, he'll reckon you played a joke on him an' you can bet your best hat Brer Fox will sure make hot terrapin soup out of you fer supper tonight!"

Brer Terrapin waited to listen to no more. He took off an' he went off up the road like a rocket.



14. Then Brer Rabbit galloped swiftly away with Brer Fox's apples and he laughed and laughed as he sped along. "Reckon I sure got my own back on cunning Brer Fox," he chuckled.

15. And whut about Brer Fox, asks you? Well, he dragged himself out of that there stream, he did, all forlorn an' soaked through an' real wet. He wuz just about to start runnin' home again when he pulled himself up short, he did. "But I ain't got a lettuce patch," he muttered. "Shucks, I wuz so mad when Brer Terrapin done tol' me that Brer Rabbit was a-eatin' my lettuces that I didn't stop to think. Grrr!" Then an awful thought struck him, it did. "Why, that Brer Terrapin done played a joke on me so that he could run off with my apples," says he and so saying he run back to where he'd left Brer Terrapin with his apples.



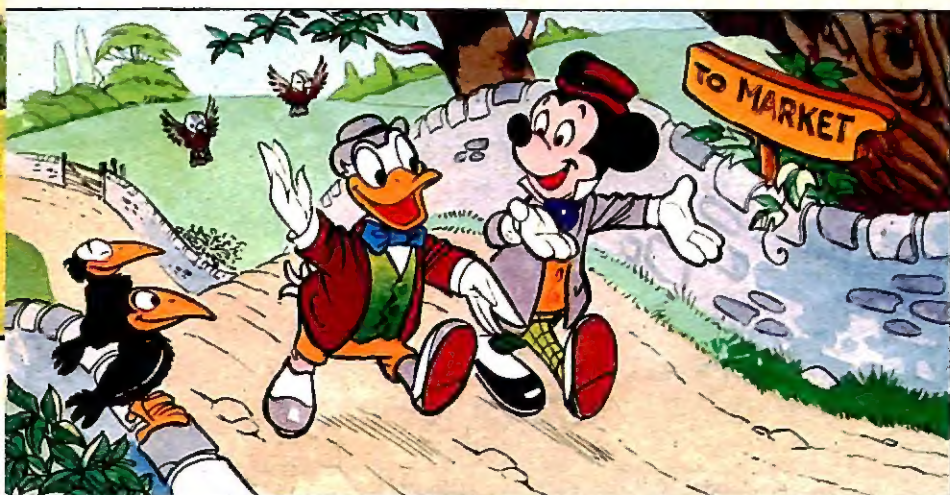
16. But when he got there, there was no sign of Brer Terrapin and there was no sign of his apples either. He searched everywhere, did Brer Fox, but he didn't find his apples and so he thought that Brer Terrapin had his apples! But we know different, don't we? It was Brer Rabbit that had those apples, wuzn't it?



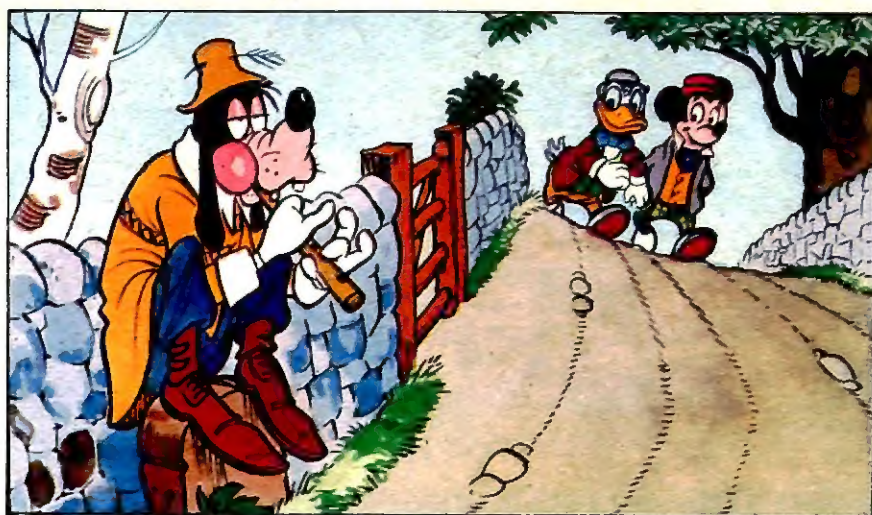


# To Market, to Market, to buy a Fat Pig

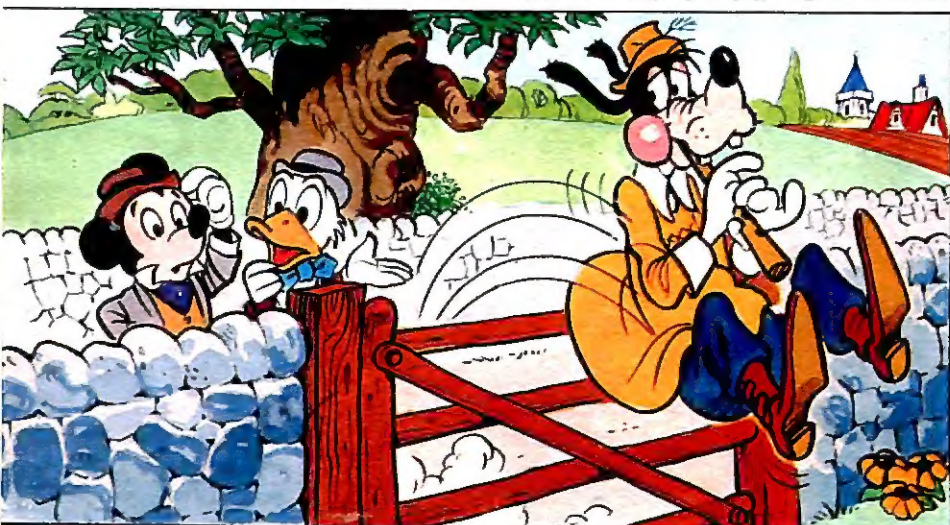
A nonsense story that will make you laugh



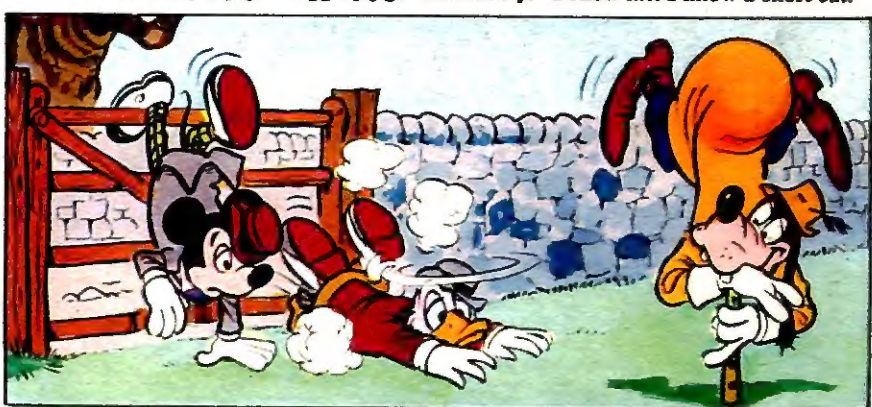
1. Once in the long long ago when buttercups were pink and sausages were made of peanuts, there lived two farmers named Mickey and Donald. Now these two friends had never owned a pig. One day Donald said to Mickey, "Don't you think it would be fun to have a pig about the house?" "Well," replied Mickey, "that's something I've never thought about." "Let's sit down and think about it then," said Donald and when he and Mickey had thought, they decided it would be a very good thing to have a pig. "After all," said Mickey, "it would be better to have a pig than an elephant. Elephants are so BIG! And think of all the food they eat!" "I can't think of a better reason for buying a pig," agreed Donald.



2. "We'll go to market tomorrow and buy ourselves a lovely big, fat, jolly, muddy pig with pink ears," continued Donald. So the next morning, the two friends set out. "To market, to market, to buy a fat pig! Home again, home again, jiggedy jig!" sang Donald. Then Mickey sang, "To market, to market to buy a fat hog! Home again, home again, jiggedy jog!" At a bend in the road, seated on a milestone was a simple farm-boy named Goofy. He was playing a penny whistle. "Well, hi there, folks," he chuckled when he saw Mickey and Donald. "Whither away today—over the hills and far away?" "No," said Mickey. "We're off to market to buy a pig." "Jiggedy jig!" said Goofy. "Follow me. I know a short cut."

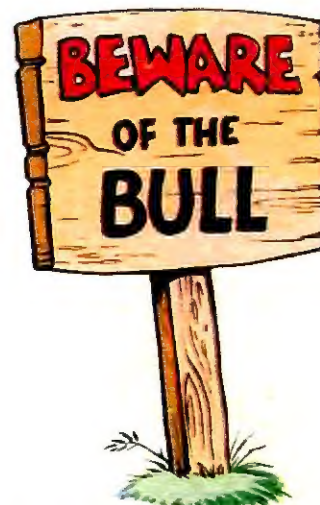
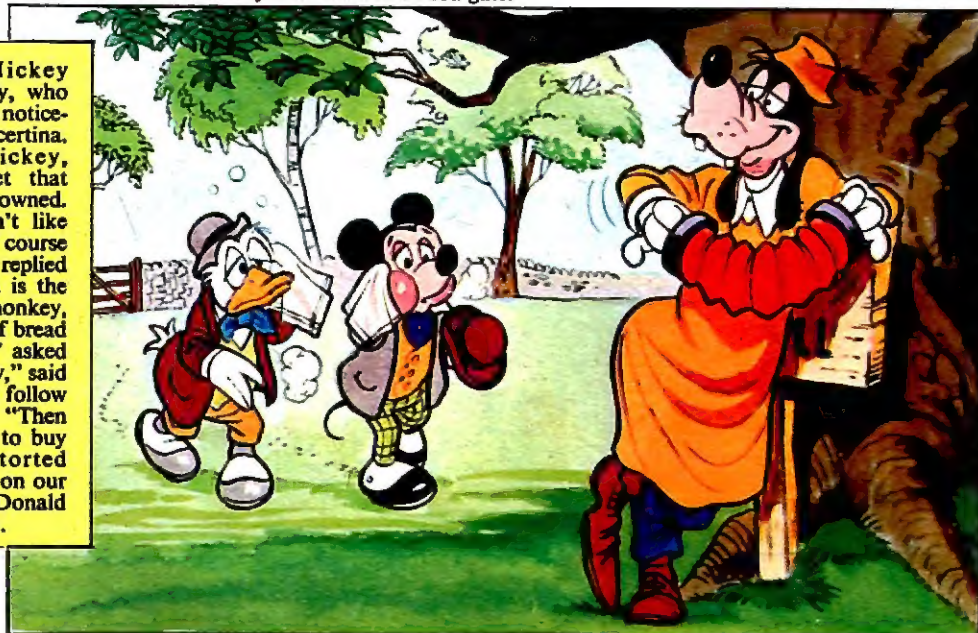


3. "You're sure it won't be too much trouble?" asked Mickey. But Goofy was already leaping over a five-barred gate, playing "I know where I'm going and I know who's going with me!" on his penny whistle. "What shall we do?" Mickey asked looking at Donald. Donald shrugged, "I'd like to buy that lovely big, fat, jolly, muddy pig with pink ears before it gets tired of waiting." "You're right, of course," said Mickey and he and Donald followed Goofy over the five-barred gate.



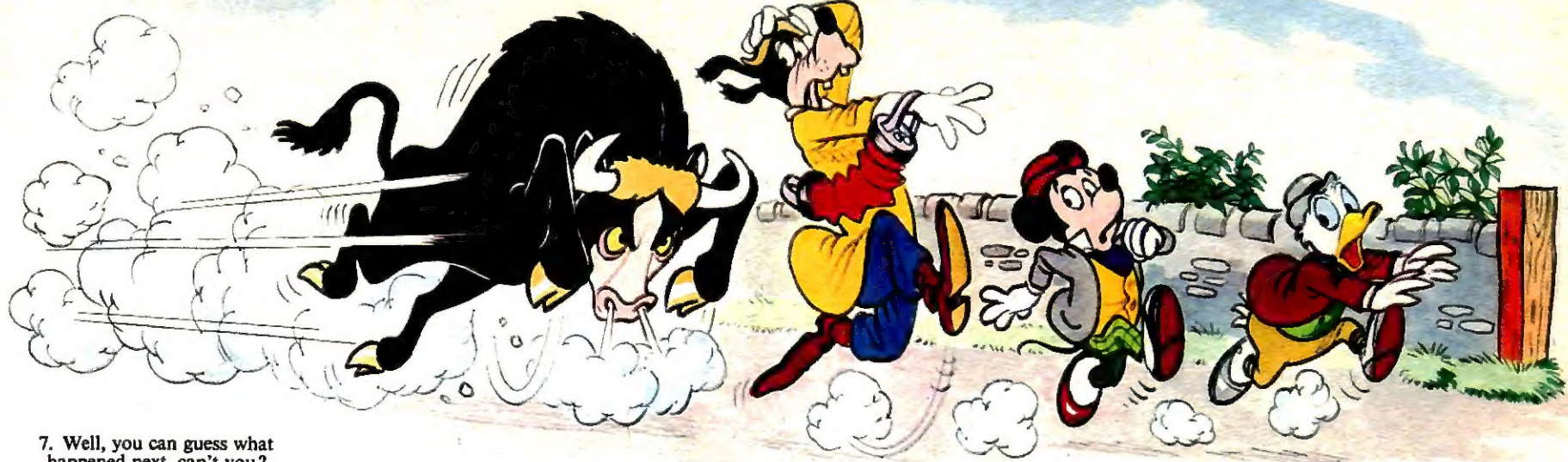
4. Alas, that five-barred gate was a little on the high side for the two farmers and instead of running forward and jumping it neatly as Goofy had done, they both fell flat on their faces SPLONK! SPLONK! "Now that was a rather silly thing to do, wasn't it folks?" asked Goofy. "You don't really think we did it on purpose, do you?" snorted Mickey as he rubbed his nose which was starting to ache. "Oh, I don't know," replied Goofy, who was balancing himself upside down on his penny whistle. "I knew a fellow once who used to spin round in bed all night." "Whatever for?" Donald wanted to know. "He always slept like a top, that's what for," said Goofy. "What has that got to do with falling over a gate?" asked Mickey. But Goofy was somersaulting down the road. "Hurry up or we'll be late for market," he called back to the two friends. "I think that fellow's a bit potty," said Donald.

5. Donald and Mickey hastened after Goofy, who was leaning against a notice-board playing a concertina. "Hallo," said Mickey, "where did you get that concertina?" Goofy frowned. "I can see you don't like music," said he. "Of course I like music," replied Mickey. "Then what is the difference between a monkey, a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread and a pint of milk?" asked Goofy. "I don't know," said Mickey who couldn't follow Goofy's argument. "Then I'm not sending you to buy my groceries," retorted Goofy. "Oh let's get on our way," exclaimed Donald bad-temperedly.



6. Goofy skipped away. Donald and Mickey followed him. They didn't bother to read the notice-board Goofy had been leaning against.

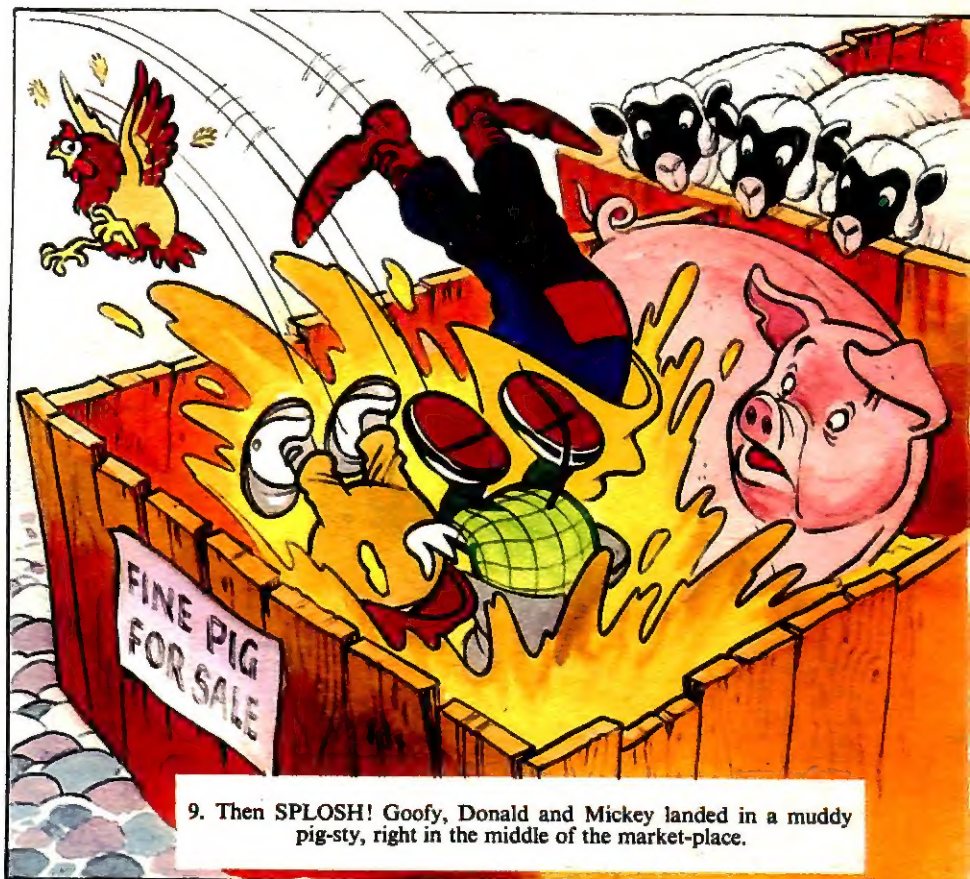




7. Well, you can guess what happened next, can't you?

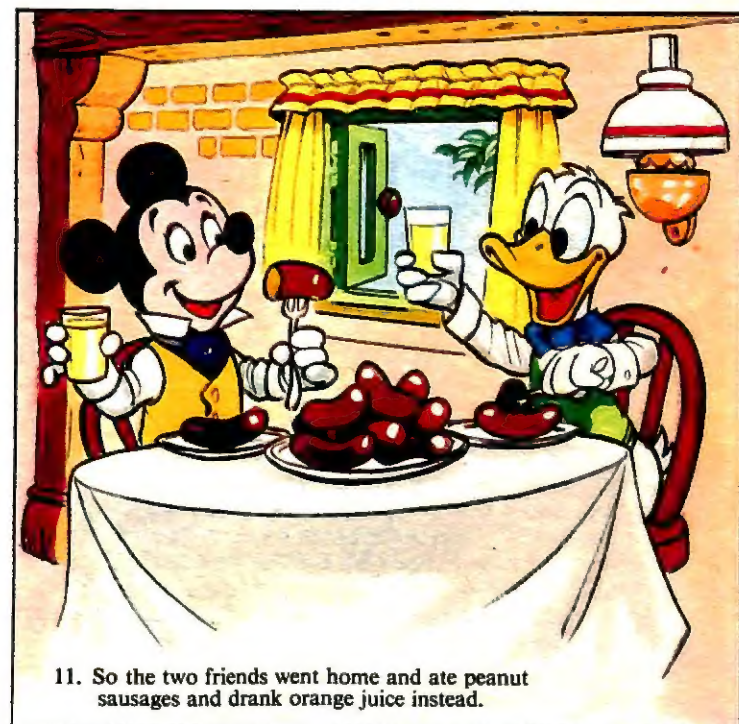


8. And after what happened next—you can surely guess what happened next!



9. Then SPLOSH! Goofy, Donald and Mickey landed in a muddy pig-sty, right in the middle of the market-place.

10. Mickey and Donald were very very cross indeed. Not only that but their mouths were full of mud. "SPPPLUG!" said Mickey—and "GGGLUNG!" gasped Donald. Goofy struggled to his feet. "Well, folks," said he, "what are you complaining about? I kept my promise. I showed you a quicker way to market, didn't I?" Mickey looked at Donald and Donald looked at Mickey, then they both looked at Goofy—or rather where Goofy had been, for the happy gentleman was dancing away singing: "Have you ever seen a pig in a whistle? Or a hot pork pie in a Scottish thistle? Now tell me this and don't be hasty! Is there any corn in a Cornish pasty?" Said Mickey to Donald: "Let's buy our pig! Hi-jiggedy-jig!" Said Donald to Mickey: "I'm sorry my friend, but for buying a pig, I suddenly feel I don't care a fig."



11. So the two friends went home and ate peanut sausages and drank orange juice instead.





# The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Tigger comes to the Forest and has breakfast

Winnie-the-Pooh woke up suddenly in the middle of the night and listened. Then he got out of bed, and lit his candle, and stumped across the room to see if anybody was trying to get into his honey-cupboard, and they weren't, so he stumped back again, blew out his candle, and got into bed. Then he heard the noise again.

"Is that you, Piglet?" he said.

But it wasn't.

"Come in, Christopher Robin," he said.

But Christopher Robin didn't.

"Tell me about it tomorrow, Eeyore," said Pooh sleepily.

But the noise went on.

"Worraworraworraworraworra," said Whatever-it-was, and Pooh found that he wasn't asleep after all.

"What can it be?" he thought. "There are lots of noises in the Forest, but this is a different one. It isn't a growl, and it isn't a purr, and it isn't a bark, and it isn't the noise-you-make-before-beginning-a-piece-of-poetry, but it's a noise of some kind, made by a strange animal! And he's making it outside my door. So I shall get up and ask him not to do it."

He got out of bed and opened his front door.

"Hallo!" said Pooh, in case there was anything outside.

"Hallo!" said Whatever-it-was.

"Oh!" said Pooh. "Hallo!"

"Hallo!"

"Oh, *there* you are," said Pooh. "Hallo!"

"Hallo!" said the Strange Animal, wondering how long this was going on.

Pooh was just going to say, "Hallo!" for the fourth time when he thought that he wouldn't, so he said, "Who is it?" instead.

"Me," said a voice.

"Oh!" said Pooh. "Well, come here."

So Whatever-it-was came here, and in the light of the candle he and Pooh looked at each other.

"I'm Pooh," said Pooh.

"I'm Tigger," said Tigger.

"Oh!" said Pooh, for he had never seen an animal like this before. "Does Christopher Robin know about you?"

"Of course he does," said Tigger.

"Well," said Pooh, "it's the middle of the night, which is a good time for going to sleep. And tomorrow morning we'll have some honey for breakfast. Do Tiggers like honey?"

"They like everything," said Tigger cheerfully.

"Then if they like going to sleep on the floor, I'll go back to bed," said Pooh, "and we'll do things in the morning. Good night." And he got back into bed and went fast asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, the first thing he saw was Tigger, sitting in front of the glass and looking at himself.

"Hallo!" said Pooh.

"Hallo!" said Tigger. "I've found somebody just like me. I thought I was the only one of them."

Pooh got out of bed, and began to explain what a looking-glass was, but just as he was getting to the interesting part, Tigger said:

"Excuse me a moment, but there's something climbing up your table," and with one loud *Worraworraworraworraworra* he jumped at the end of the tablecloth, pulled it to the ground, wrapped himself up in it three times, rolled to the other end of the room, and, after a terrible struggle, got his head into the daylight again, and said cheerfully: "Have I won?"

"That's my tablecloth," said Pooh, as he began to unwind Tigger.

"I wondered what it was," said Tigger.

"It goes on the table and you put things on it."

"Then why did it try to bite me when I wasn't looking?"

"I don't *think* it did," said Pooh.

"It tried," said Tigger, "but I was too quick for it."

Pooh put the cloth back on the table, and he put a large honey-pot on the cloth, and they sat down to breakfast. And as soon as they sat down, Tigger took a large mouthful of honey . . . and he looked up at the ceiling with his head on one side, and made exploring noises with his







tongue, and considering noises, and what-have-we-got-here noises . . . and then he said in a very decided voice:

"Tiggers don't like honey."

"Oh!" said Pooh, and tried to make it sound Sad and Regretful. "I thought they liked everything."

"Everything except honey," said Tigger.

Pooh felt rather pleased about this, and said that, as soon as he had finished his own breakfast, he would take Tigger round to Piglet's house, and Tigger could try some of Piglet's haycorns.

"Thank you, Pooh," said Tigger, because haycorns is really what Tiggers like best."

So after breakfast they went round to see Piglet, and Pooh explained as they went that Piglet was a Very Small Animal who didn't like bouncing, and asked Tigger not to be too Bouncy just at first. And Tigger, who had been hiding behind trees and jumping out on Pooh's shadow when it wasn't looking, said that Tiggers were only bouncy before breakfast, and that as soon as they had had a few haycorns they became Quiet and Refined. So by-and-by they knocked at the door of Piglet's house.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Piglet.

"Hallo, Piglet. This is Tigger."

"Oh, is it?" said Piglet, and he edged round to the other side of the table. "I thought Tiggers were smaller than that."

"Not the big ones," said Tigger.

"They like haycorns," said Pooh, "so that's what we've come for, because poor Tigger hasn't had any breakfast yet."

Piglet pushed the bowl of haycorns towards Tigger, and said, "Help yourself," and then he got close up to Pooh and felt much braver, and said, "So you're Tigger? Well, well!" in a careless sort of voice. But Tigger said nothing because his mouth was full of haycorns. . . .

After a long munching noise he said:

"Ee-ers o i a-ors."

And when Pooh and Piglet said, "What?" he said, "Skoos ee," and went outside for a moment.

When he came back he said firmly:

"Tiggers don't like haycorns."

"But you said they liked everything except honey," said Pooh.

"Everything except honey *and* haycorns," explained Tigger.

When he heard this, Pooh said, "Oh, I see!" and Piglet, who was rather glad that Tiggers didn't like haycorns, said, "What about thistles?"

"Thistles," said Tigger, "is what Tiggers like best."

"Then let's go and see Eeyore," said Piglet.

So the three of them went; and after they had walked and walked and walked, they came to the part of the Forest where Eeyore was.

"Hallo, Eeyore!" said Pooh. "This is Tigger."

"What is?" said Eeyore.

"This," explained Pooh and Piglet together, and Tigger smiled his happiest smile and said nothing.

Eeyore walked all round Tigger one way, and then turned and walked all round him the other way.

"What did you say it was?" he asked.

"Tigger."

"Ah!" said Eeyore.

"He's just come," explained Piglet.

"Ah!" said Eeyore again.

He thought for a long time and then said:

"When is he going?"

Pooh explained to Eeyore that Tigger was a great friend of Christopher Robin's, who had come to stay in the Forest, and Piglet explained to Tigger that he mustn't mind what Eeyore said because he was *always* gloomy; and Eeyore explained to Piglet that, on the contrary, he was feeling particularly cheerful this morning; and Tigger explained to anybody who was listening that he hadn't had any breakfast yet.

"I knew there was something," said Pooh. "Tiggers always eat thistles, so that was why we came to see you, Eeyore."

"Don't mention it, Pooh."

"Oh, Eeyore, I didn't mean that I didn't want to see you—"

"Quite—quite. But your new stripy friend—naturally, he wants his breakfast. What did you say his name was?"

"Tigger."

"Then come this way, Tigger."

Eeyore led the way to the most thistly-looking patch of thistles that ever was, and waved a hoof at it.

"A little patch I was keeping for my birthday," he said; "but, after all, what *are* birthdays? Here today and gone tomorrow. Help yourself, Tigger."

Tigger thanked him and looked a little anxiously at Pooh.

"Are these really thistles?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Pooh.

"What Tiggers like best?"

"That's right," said Pooh.







"I see," said Tigger. So he took a large mouthful, and he gave a large crunch.

"Ow!" said Tigger.

He sat down and put his paw in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked Pooh.

"Hot!" mumbled Tigger.

"Your friend," said Eeyore, "appears to have bitten on a bee."

Pooh's friend stopped shaking his head to get the prickles out, and explained that Tiggers didn't like thistles.

"Then why bend a perfectly good one?" asked Eeyore.

"But you said," began Pooh, "—you said that Tiggers liked everything except honey and haycorns."

"And thistles," said Tigger, who was now running round in circles with his tongue hanging out.

Pooh looked at him sadly.

"What are we going to do?" he asked Piglet. Piglet knew the answer to that, and he said at once that they must go and see Christopher Robin.

"You'll find him with Kanga," said Eeyore. He came close to Pooh, and said in a loud whisper: "Could you ask your friend to do his exercises somewhere else? I shall be having lunch directly, and don't want it bounced on just before I begin. A trifling matter, and fussy of me, but we all have our little ways."

Pooh nodded solemnly and called to Tigger.

"Come along and we'll go and see Kanga. She's sure to have lots of breakfast for you."

Tigger finished his last circle and came up to Pooh and Piglet.

"Hot!" he explained with a large and friendly smile. "Come on!" and he rushed off.

Pooh and Piglet walked slowly after him. And as they walked Piglet said nothing, because he couldn't think of anything, and Pooh said nothing, because he was thinking of a poem. And when he had thought of it he began:

What shall we do about poor little Tigger?  
If he never eats nothing he'll never get bigger.

He doesn't like honey and haycorns and thistles

Because of the taste and because of the bristles.

And all the good things which an animal likes

Have the wrong sort of swallow or too many spikes.

"He's quite big enough anyhow," said Piglet.

"He isn't really very big."

"Well, he seems so."

Pooh was thoughtful when he heard this, and then he murmured to himself:

But whatever his weight in pounds,  
shillings, and ounces,

He always seems bigger because of his bounces.

"And that's the whole poem," he said. "Do you like it, Piglet?"

"All except the shillings," said Piglet. "I don't think they ought to be there."

"They wanted to come in after the pounds," explained Pooh, "so I let them. It is the best way to write poetry, letting things come."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Piglet. Tigger had been bouncing in front of them all this time, turning round every now and then to ask, "Is this the way?"—and now at last they came in sight of Kanga's house, and there was Christopher Robin. Tigger rushed up to him.

"Oh, there you are, Tigger!" said Christopher Robin. "I knew you'd be somewhere."

"I've been finding things in the Forest," said Tigger importantly. "I've found a pooh and a piglet and an eeyore, but I can't find any breakfast." Pooh and Piglet came up and hugged Christopher Robin, and explained what had been happening.

"Don't you know what Tiggers like?" asked Pooh.

"I expect if I thought very hard I should," said Christopher Robin, "but I thought Tigger knew."

"I do," said Tigger. "Everything there is in the world except honey and haycorns and—what were those hot things called?"

"Thistles."

"Yes, and those."

"Oh, well then, Kanga can give you some breakfast."

So they went into Kanga's house, and when Roo had said, "Hallo, Pooh," and "Hallo, Piglet," once, and "Hallo, Tigger" twice, because he had never said it before and it sounded funny, they told Kanga what they wanted, and Kanga said very kindly, "Well, look in my cupboard, Tigger dear, and see what you'd like." Because she knew at once that, however big Tigger seemed to be, he wanted as much kindness as Roo.

"Shall I look too?" said Pooh, who was beginning to feel a little eleven o'clockish. And he found a small tin of condensed milk, and something seemed to tell him that Tiggers didn't like this, so he took it into a corner by itself, and went with it to see that nobody interrupted it.

But the more Tigger put his nose into this and his paw into that, the more things he found which Tiggers didn't like. And when he had found everything in the cupboard, and couldn't eat any of it, he said, "What happens now?"

But Kanga and Christopher Robin and Piglet were all standing round Roo, watching him have his Extract of Malt. And Roo was saying, "Must I?" and Kanga was saying, "Now, Roo, dear, you remember what you promised."

"What is it?" whispered Tigger to Piglet.

"His Strengthening Medicine," said Piglet. "He hates it."

So Tigger came closer, and he leant over the back of Roo's chair, and suddenly he put out his tongue, and took one large golollop, and with a sudden jump of surprise, Kanga said, "Oh!" and then clutched at the spoon again just as it was disappearing, and pulled it safely back out of Tigger's mouth. But the Extract of Malt had gone.

"Tigger dear!" said Kanga.

"He's taken my medicine, he's taken my medicine!" sang Roo happily, thinking it was a tremendous joke.

Then Tigger looked up at the ceiling, and closed his eyes, and his tongue went round and round his chops, in case he had left any outside, and a peaceful smile came over his face as he said, "So that's what Tiggers like!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Which explains why he always lived at Kanga's house afterwards, and had Extract of Malt for breakfast, dinner, and tea. And sometimes, when Kanga thought he wanted strengthening, he had a spoonful or two of Roo's breakfast after meals as medicine.

"But I think," said Piglet to Pooh, "that he's been strengthened quite enough."





## With Peter Pan to the Rainbow's End

**N**OW as everybody knows—and if everybody doesn't, then everybody should—Peter Pan is the little boy who never grew up. His best friends were Wendy Darling and her two brothers John and Michael. Many were the thrilling adventures they enjoyed together.

It so happened that one evening Peter Pan had flown from the Never-Land (where he lived) to visit Wendy and her brothers. There he sat laughing and joking on the bedroom window sill.

Suddenly Wendy said to Peter "I've often wondered what lies at the end of the rainbow."

At once Peter looked sad and turned away.

"What is the matter? Have I said something to upset you?" asked Wendy. Peter smiled wistfully, then shook his head.

"Come with me and I will show you," said he and Wendy's face lit up.

"What fun!" she laughed. "Mummy and Daddy have gone to the country for the weekend but I'm sure that if they were here, they'd let us go with you. After all, this isn't the first time we've flown away with you for jolly adventures, is it?"

So once again Peter Pan spread his hands and

flew away from the window sill with Wendy in her night-dress and Michael and John in their pyjamas. John snatched up his umbrella and his old-fashioned top-hat that he used for fancy dress parties and Michael took his favourite teddy-bear.

Away they flew up, up, up into the night sky.

"Of course, no-one has ever seen a rainbow at night," explained Peter, "but we have a long long way to fly and it will be morning before we reach the rainbow's end."

He swooped low down over Kensington Gardens to greet two snow-white swans who were floating gracefully along on the waters of the big lake known as the Serpentine. The swans knew Peter well for Kensington Gardens was a place that Peter visited often. In fact, if ever you are in London you should try to visit Kensington Gardens for there is a beautiful statue of Peter Pan there. People say that Kensington Gardens are the London home of Peter Pan.

"Can't stay, my dear swans," Peter called out. "We're off to the rainbow's end."

Well, after a long flight, dawn began to break

and as the sun shone its glowing rays across the land Wendy saw in the distance a glittering stream. As they flew closer a very light shower of rain began to fall.

Then as the rain ceased falling a beautiful rainbow arched across the sky and swiftly Peter flew to where the rainbow touched the earth.

And there smiling with surprise and love was Mrs. Darling, the mother of Wendy, John and Michael.

"Fancy seeing you here," she laughed. "I came out for an early morning walk by myself but I never expected to see you."

Then it was that Wendy understood why Peter Pan had looked so sad for that wonderful little boy had never known his mother.

"You see," said he, "at the end of the rainbow is a mother's love."

But Peter soon cheered up when Mrs. Darling invited him to breakfast. He smiled at Wendy.

"After all, *you're* my little mother," said he. Now turn over and see the lovely picture of Peter and Wendy and Michael and John as they fly towards the rainbow's end.





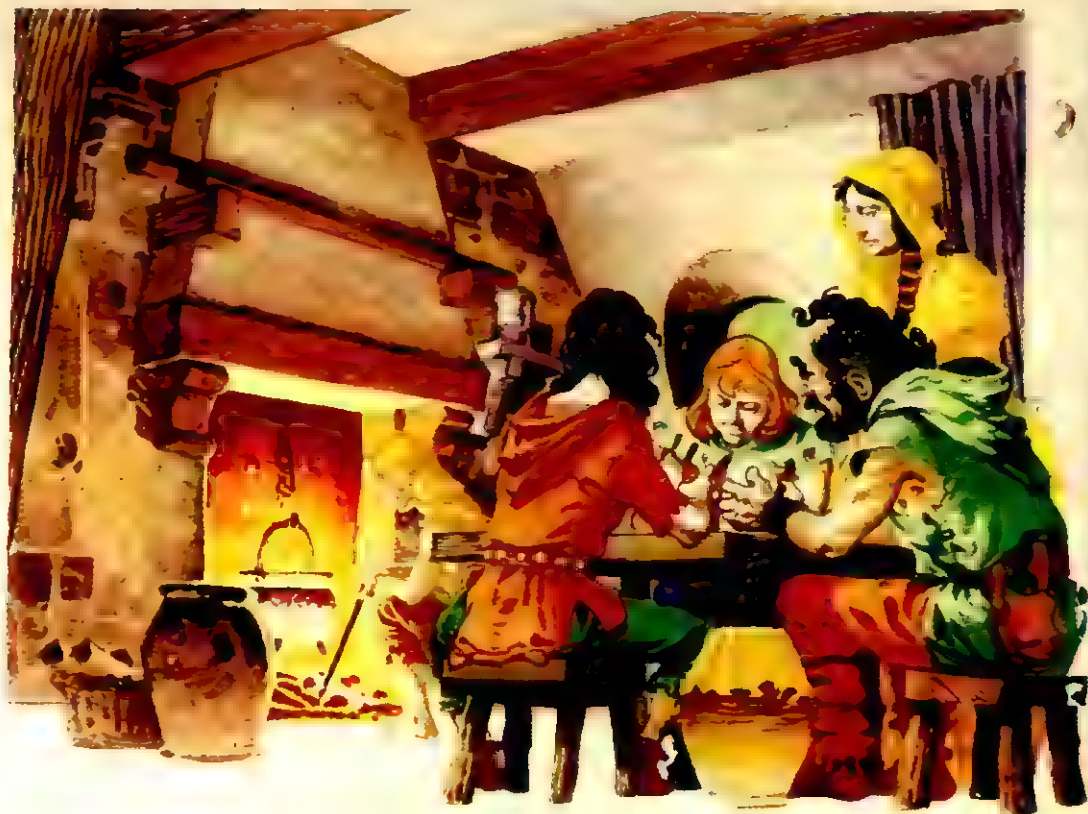






# THE STORY OF CINDERLAD

1. Once upon a time, a poor man and his wife lived in a wretched hut, far from everyone else, in a wood. They only just managed to live from hand to mouth and had great difficulty in doing even so much as that. They had three sons and the youngest of them was called Cinderlad, for he did nothing else but sit down in front of the fire and poke the ashes.



2. One day the eldest lad said he would go out to earn his living in the world. He walked on and on for a day and when night fell he came to a royal palace. The King was standing at the gates and asked the young fellow where he was off to. "I am in search of fame and fortune," answered the youth. "Then will you serve me and watch my seven ponies?" asked the King. "If you can watch them for a whole day and tell me at night what they eat and drink, you shall have half my kingdom and my daughter, the Princess Marigold, as your wife."

3. "But," the King went on, "if you cannot, I will have you beaten all the way back to your home." The youth thought to himself that it would be very easy work to watch over seven ponies, so he happily agreed to the King's suggestion. Next morning, when the day was beginning to dawn, the King's Chief Huntsman woke the youth and they both went to the stables. The Chief Huntsman let out the seven ponies and away they ran with the youth running swiftly behind them. They galloped over hill and dale, through woods and marshlands, across ploughed fields and meadows, and as you can well imagine, at last the young man began to tire. After several hours the ponies raced past a beautiful woman who sat at a spinning-wheel outside a cave. She was dressed splendidly in blue velvet and a white cat sat at her feet.



4. She smiled charmingly at the youth who was now staggering with tiredness. "Come hither, my handsome lad, come hither and let me comb your hair for you," she said. The lad was pleased to rest and the ponies raced away into the distance. While he rested the woman combed the youth's hair and it was so blissful that he remained all day and gave himself up to idleness.



5. When evening drew near, the youth wanted to go. "It is no use returning to the palace for I know not where the ponies are—nor what they have eaten or drunk," said he. "The ponies will pass here at twilight on their way home," smiled the beautiful woman. "You can follow them and no-one will know that you have been here instead of watching them." Then she gave the lad a bottle of water and a handful of mossy grass to show to the King and say that this was the ponies' food and drink. Soon the ponies came racing towards them.



6. When the youth arrived at the palace, panting and breathless after his run, he was taken to the King. "Well," said His Majesty, "have you watched well and faithfully the whole day. "Yes," replied the youth. "Then tell me what my ponies eat and drink," said the King. The youth held up the bottle of water and handful of grass. "This is what they ate and drank," he answered and the King frowned angrily.





7. "You lie!" shouted the King. "You cannot trick me into giving you half my kingdom and marrying my daughter. As I promised, you shall be beaten all the way to your home." And that is what happened. Two brawny soldiers whipped the youth as he ran through the streets. "Oh dear," he gasped, "if this is what happens when I search for fame and fortune, in future I'll stay at home."



8. The next day the second son said he would go out into the world to seek his fortune but his mother and father pointed to the eldest lad and said: "Look at him! Is that how *you* wish to return home?" But the second son would not listen and insisted on going. "I am much cleverer than my brothers," he boasted and set off. When he had walked all day he, too, came to the King's palace and met the King who was returning from a day's hunting. The King asked where he was going and when the youth replied that he was in search of his fortune, the King suggested that he might enter into his service and watch his seven ponies.



9. The King promised the same reward—and the same punishment—that had been promised the eldest brother. At dawn next day the Huntsman let out the seven ponies and off they went with the lad after them. All went with him as it had with his brother. Tired out, he met the woman now beautifully dressed in red velvet. "Come hither, my handsome lad," she cooed, "and let me comb your hair for you." Like his brother he sat there throughout the day while the lovely lady combed his hair.



10. The ponies returned that evening and then he, too, was given a handful of grass and a bottle of water which he was to show to the King. Again, the King rose in anger and ordered the youth to be beaten all the way back home. This was done and the poor fellow arrived home in a very sorry state. "Never," said he, "never shall I go forth in search of fortune again. From now on I shall remain at home, poor but safe."



11. Several weeks went by and then Cinderlad told his family *he* wanted to go in search of fame and fortune. His mother and father were very unhappy for they feared that like his two brothers, he would meet with disaster. "How do you think you can succeed where we failed?" his brothers sneered. "You who have never done anything but poke among the ashes!" Cinderlad smiled quietly. "I would like to try," said he.

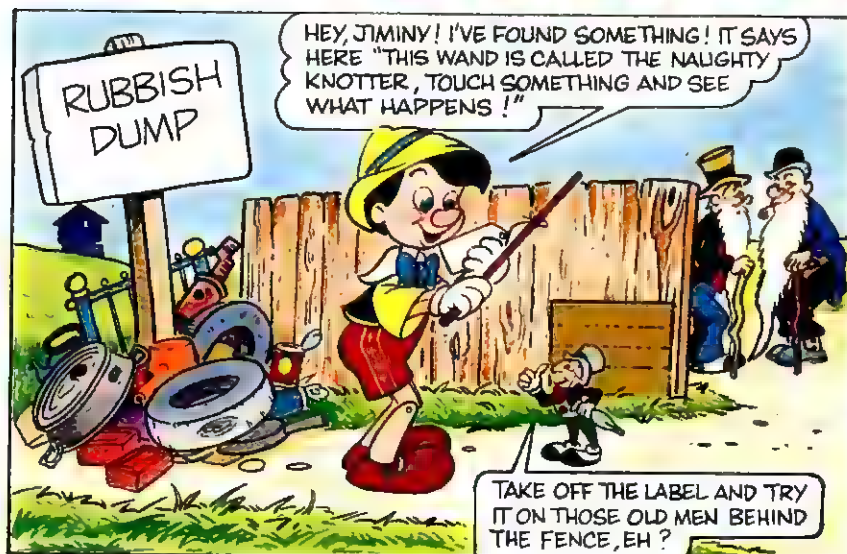


12. And the next morning Cinderlad set off, happy and excited at the thought that, ahead of him, if he could only behave himself better than his brothers, lay fame, fortune and success. But how would Cinderlad fare? You can find out next week.





# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**

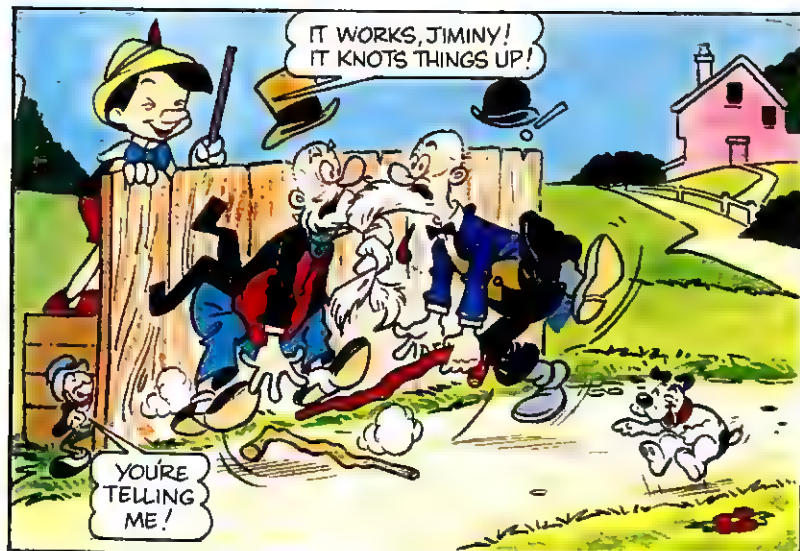


The other day our bright young chump  
Was walking past a rubbish dump  
When there he saw a "whatsaname"  
That looked good for a jolly game.

It was, in fact, a little stick  
Which wasn't very long or thick,  
But packed with magic by the ton,  
'Twas good for lots and lots of fun.



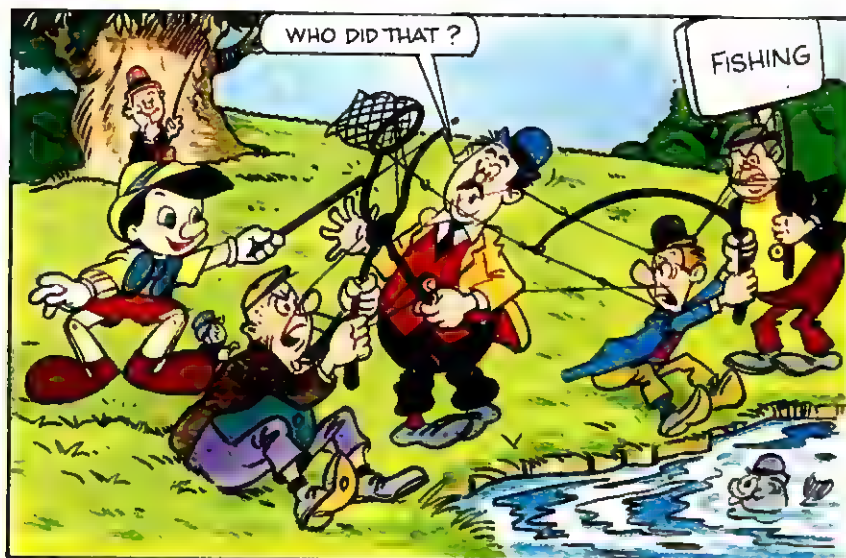
The sort of magic it had got  
Was type of magic which would knot,  
And don't think "would knot" means "would not"  
It could knot—and did knot—a lot.



Well, Pino had a do or two  
And found its magic powers were true,  
As two old chaps with beards did prove—  
It tied them so they couldn't move!



Next Pino used his magic stick  
To do a sort of good-deed trick,  
He fixed some hefty men who thought  
That no-one else should share their sport.

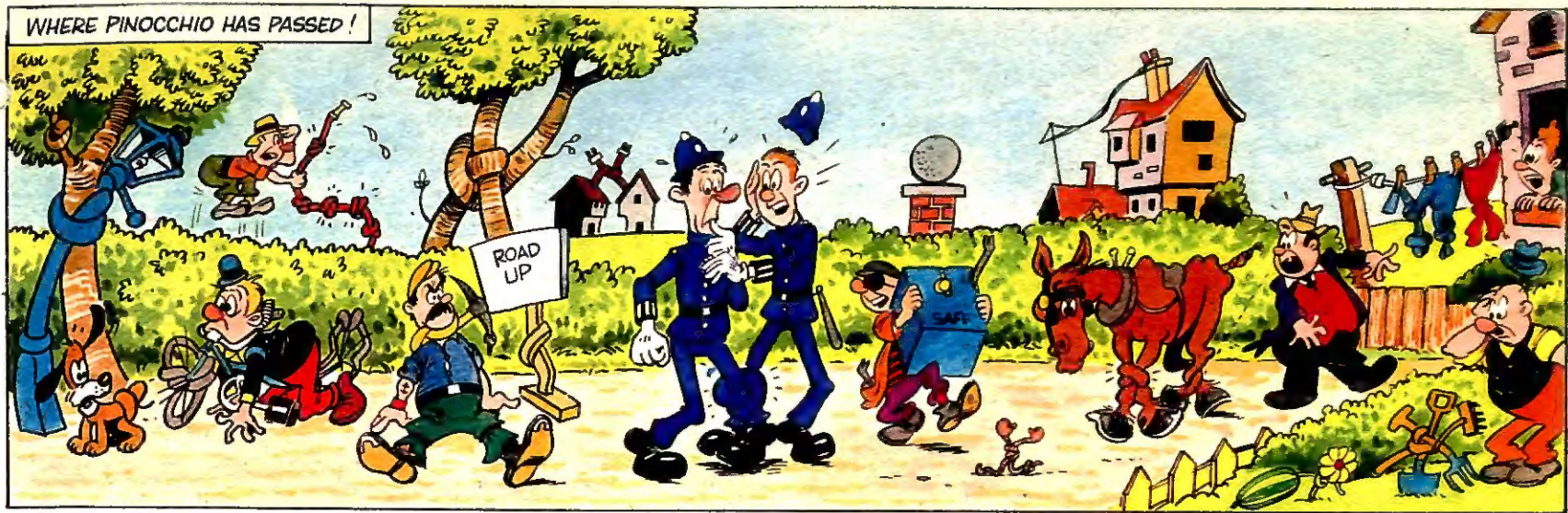


Each man had got a fishing line  
Made out of nice strong sort of twine,  
How strong it was they soon found out,  
When in it they were wound-about.



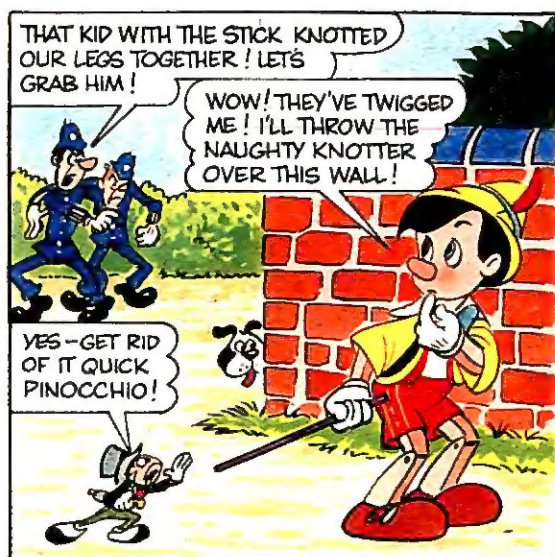
Pinocchio had a happy day  
For as he went upon his way  
He used his wand on lots of things  
And left them knotted—all like strings.



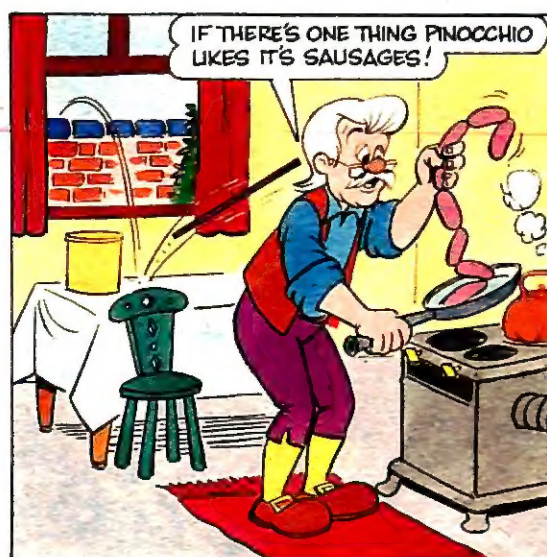


He knotted trees, he knotted dogs,  
He knotted lamps and great big logs,  
All tied up neat were policemen's feet,  
You really should have seen that street.

The fact that they were now all tied,  
Upset the policemen's lawful pride,  
And they set out to find out who  
Had diddled this here dreadful do.



They soon got on Pinocchio's track—  
Quite near his house—just round the back,  
And seeing trouble little lad  
Got rid of wand. It hit his dad!



Geppetto got mixed up with tea,  
And knotted sosses, as you see,  
He wasn't very pleased to know  
'Twas due to young Pinocchio.





# ANIMALS

## OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

This week **THE BUFFALO**



1. The African buffalo is the most dangerous of all wild animals.

2. The Bantu people were at one time great buffalo hunters, killing them with their spears. These great warriors of Southern Africa made their long shields out of the animals' thick hides.



4. Although the buffalo lives under the burning sun of Africa, it does not like great heat. During the hottest part of the day, it lies in the muddy water of shallow rivers and water holes when only its nose can be seen. This daily soaking in mud is very necessary for its health and prevents its skin from cracking in the blazing sun.

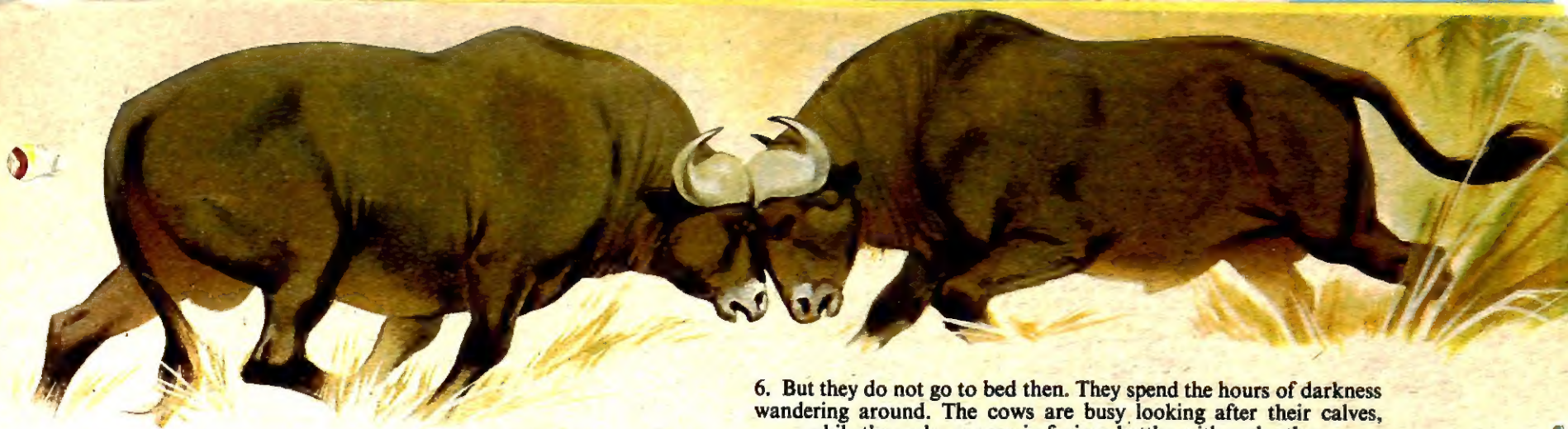


3. Nobody has yet succeeded in taming an African buffalo and only a very experienced hunter would ever dare to come near one. When attacked they become a tornado of charging fury and usually come off best even in a fight with a lion.



5. In the afternoon, or earlier if the weather is dull or rainy, the buffaloes slowly drag themselves out of their mud baths and make an enormous meal of grass and reeds. This takes them until sunset when they move to higher ground.





6. But they do not go to bed then. They spend the hours of darkness wandering around. The cows are busy looking after their calves, while the males engage in furious battles with each other.



7. At daybreak they come down from the high ground for breakfast. This is another enormous meal that lasts until just before mid-day when once again they take to their mud-baths.



8. So much for the African buffalo. But there is another buffalo which lives in Asia. There is very little difference in the appearance and habits of the African and Asian buffaloes, except for the horns. The Asian buffalo's horns are bigger than the African's, being over six feet long, spreading outwards and upwards and approaching each other towards the tip.



9. Unlike the African buffalo, the Asian can be tamed and since early times it has been used in India, Malaysia and elsewhere as a domestic animal. Because of its love for mud and water, it is just right for use in the water-logged fields where rice is grown. Many of them are employed in the Malaysian forests hauling logs.



10. Herds of Asian buffalo cows are kept as dairy cattle. In some parts of Southern India the buffalo is worshipped as a holy animal.





# The WALRUS and the CARPENTER

